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MORNING.

THE mists of morning on the purple mountains
And low green meadows lay;
The sun slow breaking from his crystal palace
Shone o'er the silent bay.

Above the streamlet on the wooded hill-top,
I stood in peace alone;
And faintly heard upon the moss-grown pebbles,
The soft waves splash and moan.

And now and then among the long elm branches
The low winds lling'ring went,
Like the slow fall of sad musician's fingers
On some sweet instrument.

I saw the gold slow gath'ring in the heavens,
The night-mists drift away;
And on the grim brow of the grand old mountain,
A pale star's dying ray.

While faintly gleaming thro' the thick green branches,
In her dim silvery dress,
Shone the fair moon, beyond the swift clouds gliding,
To hide her loveliness.

And softly breaking on the morning silence,
Like the dryad's call,
Came the sweet voice of hushed wind's sad complaining,
Or a bird-madrigal.

The gentle breath of morning's early sweetness,
Freighted the dimpling air;
And half I deemed that Nature bent there kneeling,
With meek hands clasped in prayer.

—Ada B. Foster in *The Atlantic*.

THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER.

ONCE upon a time, long before any one of you children were born—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact—a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said, with great astonishment:

"What! Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things. I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy, reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I'm a grown-up painter I'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner, by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots, where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

The food was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down into the kitchen and foraged among the broken meat, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household was conducted upon very extravagant principles.

That did not trouble Peter, however, and he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils, and brushes and colors. Haven't you any money?"

"No," said Thomas, despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women and birds and beasts, and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I don't know where he got it. But he was too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house np among the chimney-pots, for now Peter could have pencils and paper and India-rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life. He went out every early morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on in this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder, or, if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he didn't grow more.

One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places that he had never thought of before. At last he reached the garret, and as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas' boarding-house.

"Why, how's this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal.

"Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen-boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen-boy, Thomas."

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He had never been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then into the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away," he cried, imploringly, falling down on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much."

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he can not be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But, strange to say; that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks, went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

And he was the boy who took a boarder.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

THE recent demise of one of the royal white elephants and his state burial with royal rites, has been the absorbing sensation and topic at the Siamese court.

There could scarcely have been more lavish display of wealth, or a deeper respect manifested by the attendants on the gorgeous funeral ceremonies, had either of the kings died. The mourning was evidently as sincere, as profound and universal. Among many eastern nations, especially the Burmese and Siamese, the white elephant is so highly prized, that the very prosperity of a reign is believed to be foretold by the taking of one; and the most esteemed of all the royal titles of the kings of Siam, has, from time immemorial, been "Undisputed Lord of the White Elephant."

A subject can perform no greater service to his sovereign than to capture one of these animals, provided he be of the coveted color. The man so fortunate is rewarded with a silver coronet and as many acres of arable or forest land, whichever he may elect, as will equal the extent at which an elephant's loudest roar can be heard; while all his descendants to the third generation are exempt from taxation and conscription into the army and navy. The governor of the province in whose domain the white elephant has been taken,

is commanded to open a road through the forest at whatever cost, for the convenient transit of the sacred animal; and when the river is reached, he is transferred to a house on a raft, and amid royal pavilions, garlanded with rare flowers, tended by princes and nobles, pampered with kingly dainties, and soothed by musical instruments, the elephant is escorted to the presence of the sovereign—that is, if the sovereign should not have descended from his throne and gone out as one of the escorts of the highly-prized animal. This, however, not unfrequently happens, as in the case of one taken in September, 1870, when both the first and second kings went out in royal state, attended by princes and courtiers, with music and rejoicings, to welcome the arrival of a large elephant that comes nearer being really white than any previously discovered in the country. For, ordinarily, they are of a clear, well-defined cream-color, with soft, glossy hair.

For more than thirty years, the glory of Siam, and the proudest boast of its monarchs, was the possession of four white elephants—a larger number than any other oriental nation is known to have enjoyed at any one period. One of the four, the oldest, largest, and most highly valued, died in 1838, during the reign of the usurper, King Pra Nang Klan, and its death was looked upon by his majesty as an event of evil omen. The whole court sympathized in their monarch's affliction, and every expedient that Siamese ingenuity could suggest was resorted to, in order to avert the dreaded calamity. Princes and governors were summoned from the remotest bounds of the kingdom, to present offerings to the gods, and thus propitiate Fate in behalf of the afflicted favorite; soothsayers were called in, omens and oracles were consulted; and daily in all the temples, the voices of the priests rose in supplication to the spirit of the sacred animal, that he "would not forsake the body he had hitherto condescended to occupy." But all proving ineffectual, the agonized monarch threw himself in a frenzy of despair, in the very dust before the sick favorite, and beating his breast, exclaimed, "O my mother, my mother, if you die, the glory of your son's kingdom will depart, nor can he exist without your beloved presence!" But the inexorable elephant refused to be propitiated, and died despite the entreaties of her royal "son." As in the case of the one recently deceased, the body was laid in state under a royal canopy for several days, receiving meanwhile the same reverential homage that is paid to the remains of a deceased king. After this, the body of the lamented favorite was interred with regal honors, the immense procession being accompanied by theatricals, songs, dirges, and all the pomp of a royal burial. Yet this was no mere caprice on the part of a childish old man, nor was it the idle whim of a monomaniac weeping for the loss of a dumb pet. The farce, ridiculous as it seems to our eyes, had its foundation in the deep-rooted, honest belief held by this king, in common with all Buddhists, that the body of every white elephant is tenanted by the spirit of a king, or an embryo god, in its transit from one state of being to another. So the monarch felt confident that in the person of his favorite elephant, he was conferring the rights of hospitality on, either the future Buddha, or on some illustrious personage of royal or priestly lineage. Of course, the coming of such a guest was fraught with honor and blessing, and his departure would be deprecated as the harbinger of inevitable calamity.

The white elephants owned by the king of Siam, during my residence at his capital, I saw frequently; and each was living apart, in a palace of his own, regal in style and dimensions, while a full corps of officers and attendants made up the households of the royal favorites. I generally found the animals standing upon a raised platform, over which was spread soft, white cloth, to protect the plates of pure gold with which the floors were paved. During the

day, each elephant was tied to an upright pole in the centre of his platform—the ropes being covered with silk, and on state occasions, gold chains, heavy and massive, were used. Many times every day, the animals were led round for exercise, and morning and evening to their bath, when they were escorted by a full band of music, and on coming in, a state officer washed their feet in a golden basin, such as is used only by the royal family. At night they were left wholly unfettered, to rest in such manner as pleased them; but a trusty guard watched beside each animal to prevent accidents and minister to its wants. By day and by night a canopy of state was placed over each one's head and embroidered silken curtains hung around to conceal the august personage from the vulgar gaze, and secure to his elephantine "excellency" the degree of privacy so illustrious a being is supposed to require. They all wore rings on their tusks and massive gold anklets on their huge legs. For food and drink, they had all manner of costly dainties, served in vessels of solid gold; but I generally found them munching sugar-cane or bananas, in preference to more expensive viands. In some other matters, their tastes were more aristocratic. They evidently admired their gorgeous trappings and surroundings, and looked with marked complacency on well-dressed people. Their keepers said that a menial durst not approach these lordly animals; and that they always resented the removal of any portion of their jewelry for washing or repairs, while they signified unqualified approval of its return. Their royal master they had been taught to welcome with a profound *salam*, which was made by slowly raising the huge proboscis to its utmost extent, and then bringing it reverently to the royal feet. It was beautiful to see the tender, loving look of the almost human eyes and the gentle fawning of the ungainly animals, the moment the king came within sight; and the salutes were always given with a degree of *empressment*, as evincive of affection as of sagacity. A favor shown, a few bits of sugar-cane or fruit kindly presented, or even a pat and a loving word from a visitor, they remembered long after; while an injury, real or fancied, was treasured up with equal tenacity, and vengeance taken on the offender, perhaps months afterward, if opportunity had not sooner offered. It was the largest and most highly prized of these elephants that died in 1838; another "was transferred" in 1857; and recently, a third has joined his comrades in the mystical future to which the Buddhist consigns these lordly animals, leaving but one of the old stud and the new elephant captured about three years ago.—*Fannie Roper Feudge in The Aldine.*

A STRONG ARGUMENT.

A CERTAIN town, not a thousand miles from Maine, was not very long ago visited by a destructive conflagration, and many families were burnt out and lost all their possessions. Among them was a deaf-mute family. A relief-committee was organized to help these destitute and homeless families. A gentleman, himself a deaf-mute, was active in obtaining many necessary articles of the committee for the deaf-mute family. Finally, he asked for a *clock*. The committee-man to whom the application was made was astonished and indignant at what he considered his presumption, and replied by an emphatic shake of the head, and further said that a clock was not a necessity. But the gentleman had his own ideas about that, and went to the chairman of the committee and submitted the question for his consideration, supporting his view of the case by an argument something like this, "Mr. Smith (the deaf-mute) can not hear the ringing of the bells or the factory whistle by which a man knows when to go to his labor and to his meals and which tells him when his day's work is over. His family can not hear and he has no watch. Is not a clock a necessity to him? The chairman saw the point, and Mr. Smith got his clock."

THE GRAPE-CURE.

It used to be the case much oftener than it is now, that the remedy for a disease was worse than the disease itself. A grape-shot in battle will put an end to innumerable aches and pains; but it is not the kind of remedy most men would desire. Of a very different kind is the grape-cure practiced at Meran, the ancient capital of Tyrol. To this beautiful spot among the mountains of Northern Italy, invalids suffering from bronchial and pulmonary complaints resort in the month of September, and make it the chief business of their lives to eat grapes—grapes in the morning, grapes at noon, grapes in the evening.

The town is situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains six or seven thousand feet high; and, doubtless, the pure mountain air, as well as the grapes, has something to do with the beneficial effect produced on invalids. The country all around laughs with wine and corn, and Meran itself is bright and sunny, lying like a bead on the thread of the little river Passes. Living here being less expensive than in most other such places of resort, it is made a winter residence by invalids in moderate circumstances, and the English and American visitors are so numerous that an English service is kept up twice every Sunday in the Lutheran chapel.

The first thing on arriving at Meran, is to buy a basket, and the next to buy grapes to fill it. The market is in the arcade on each side of the main street, and here the visitor is to be seen at seven in the morning, laying in his stock of medicine for the day. The fruit of the vine is, of course, very abundant and cheap. Clusters of grapes, of the richest bloom and flavor, are to be seen everywhere around—in the vineyards, on the hill-sides, over every porch, and in every garden. Cart-loads of them are brought in every morning, and they lie in glorious heaps on the stalls.

The patient begins by taking two or three pounds a day, dividing the quantity into three doses, to be eaten before each meal. The quantity is gradually increased to four and even six pounds a day.

The grapes are always eaten in the open air, and many persons walk about nearly the whole day, engaged in swallowing the delicious medicine.

Not infrequently patients do not feel as well after a few days of "grape-cure," but after this time, the good effects of the fruit become apparent. They gain in weight and in strength also. The cure occupies from four to six weeks, during the months of September and October, when the grapes are at their best.

One advantage of this style of treatment is that it does not require any particular diet besides the grapes. These are, indeed, so nourishing as to leave not much appetite for any thing else. There is an abundance of other fruit at Meran, but the advice is not to mix fruits. If one chooses figs, he must eat figs only, and if he chooses grapes, he must confine himself to them. The benefit derived from the fruit of the vine can not be assured to all forms of diseases of the throat and lungs. A physician must, therefore, be consulted as to the propriety of adopting this treatment. But where it is suitable, no method of cure can be more agreeable.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE granite soldier who is to surmount the national monument at the battlefield of Antietam has been completed, and is claimed to be the largest figure in sculpture out of Egypt. He weighs over thirty tons, and is twenty-one and a half feet high. The gun he holds is eighteen feet long, and his shoe three feet in length. The face is smooth shaven, except a heavy moustach, and is that of a resolute man.

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WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1874.

EFFORTS are being made to have articulation adopted, instead of signs, as the basis of instruction in the new school for the deaf and dumb, soon to be established in New Jersey. It is not known what the chances of success are, but one fact is apparent, that, notwithstanding the determined opposition which they first encountered, and the later concessions in establishing departments of articulation in the majority of the institutions where the sign-system is used, the cause of schools which use articulation and exclude signs, as a language, is surely gaining ground; and nobody will be surprised if New Jersey finds one to educate her deaf-mute children.

SOME time ago a letter was published in THE SILENT WORLD, containing a standing invitation from the Chicago Deaf-mute Society to all persons qualified, asking them to give lectures before the society on religious and secular subjects, when in Chicago or the vicinity. We have lately received another letter, repeating the invitation and requesting any person accepting the invitation, to call on or address Mrs. J. M. Raffington, the President of the society, 236 Oak Street, Southeast corner of Wells Street, on the North side of the city. We hope that any person who has it in his power to accept the invitation, will not hesitate to do so.

We have received information from Mr. Syle of the arrival in New York, on the 6th inst., of the delayed pedestal for the bust of Mr. Clerc; and, probably, before this number of THE SILENT WORLD reaches our subscribers, the Clerc Monument will be an accomplished fact. The delay was occasioned by the bursting of the boiler of a steam-engine at the granite works in Scotland, where the pedestal was being prepared. We are sure our readers will join with us in the joy we feel at the successful completion of a labor of love and respect which has engrossed the attention of the deaf-mute community for so long a time. Considering all that we owe to Mr. Clerc, it was the least we could do to take measures to perpetuate the memory of our benefactor and his life-work for us; and it will always be a source of satisfaction to know that this has been done, little as it is in payment of our indebtedness to him.

A GREAT deal has been said of late, and much of it deservedly too, about deaf-mute dependence on hearing persons. There is, however, one thing in which the deaf and dumb are dependent on others, which the most enthusiastic critic and reformer has not yet objected to—the receiving of aid by deaf-mutes in obtaining religious instruction. Those who are loudest in their condemnation of all other forms of deaf-mute dependence, either make an exception of this one matter, or do not approach it at all. And if there is absolutely no other way for the deaf and dumb in our large cities to obtain religious instruction than to organize societies,

partly supplied by the aid of others, it is, perhaps, justifiable to ask and accept such aid. We say "perhaps" because we are by no means willing to admit that there is "absolutely no other way." We know of one way in which every well-educated deaf person might help, to a very great extent, in doing away with the need for this assistance. We would have every one who has the ability and qualifications to do it, feel that it is a duty which he owes to his fellow men, to lecture before these societies for nothing, whenever he is in their vicinity. We do not mean that a man should go to trouble and expense, but simply for him to try and arrange his business so as to be able to give a lecture, when in the vicinity of one of these societies, even at the expense of some little inconvenience. If the binding force of this obligation was generally impressed in the minds of the community, we think there would be less difficulty and expense, to say the least, in obtaining religious instruction for the deaf and dumb after they leave school.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

THE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY OF CHICAGO.

September, 1874.

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD:

HAVING spent a few days recently among the deaf-mutes of Chicago, I will say a few words about them in THE SILENT WORLD for the information of their friends in other places.

The Deaf-mute Society of Chicago was organized in January last, and is at present in a flourishing condition. The officers are very earnest in their efforts to promote the best interests of the society. One of the main difficulties against which they have to contend, is a want of experience in managing such an organization, but this is a difficulty which each successive meeting tends to remove. The material prosperity of the society is shown by the fact that there are already over a hundred dollars in the treasury, and quite a number of good books in the library. Many more books, magazines, &c., have been promised by the citizens as soon as a suitable place has been prepared to keep them in. When sufficient funds have been collected, three rooms will be rented—one for lecturing purposes, one for a library and reading-room, and one for conversation, &c.

The society held an interesting meeting on Sunday afternoon, August 30th. Besides the members, a number of others were present, including several hearing persons. After a lecture by your correspondent, several excellent addresses were made by members of the society. Mr. Clark, lately a teacher in the New York Institution, rendered valuable service by translating the exercises for the benefit of those present who could hear, and he also said a few words of encouragement, wishing the society a long and prosperous career. Judging from present indications, his good wishes will be fully realized.

Noticing the close attention which the members paid to all the exercises of the day and the intense pleasure they enjoyed during the hour of social intercourse which followed, I wondered how any true friends of the deaf and dumb could believe that such meetings and intercourse could injure them.

On Tuesday evening, September 1st, a social party was held on Fulton street, at the residence of Mr. Wolfgang, the employer of Mr. R. M. Thomas, Secretary of the society. The parlor was well filled, the number of ladies and gentlemen being about equal. An hour was spent in conversation, when supper was announced, and all made their way to the dining-room, where ice-cream, cakes, lemonade, fine pears and peaches, &c., were provided in abundance. Before supper began, beautiful bouquets were presented to Mrs. Raffington, President of the society, Mr. Townsend, its founder and earnest supporter, and one or two others. Several addresses

were made, each speaker having something to say about the society and his determination to aid it by every honorable means in his power. After justice had been done to the ample supply of good things provided, the guests returned to the parlor, where all engaged in amusing games until the lateness of the hour warned them that it was time to disperse to their different homes. Before leaving, however, the thanks of the society were tendered Mr. and Mrs. Wolfinger, who not only kindly gave the use of their parlor and dining-room for the occasion, but also did their utmost to add to the enjoyment of their guests.

The success of the party was in great measure due to the energy and liberality of Messrs. Thomas, Christenson, and Kingon, three of the younger members of the society. The party was the first of the kind held since the organization of the society, but we are sure that every one who was present will join us in hoping many similar ones may follow.

D. H. C.

A RELIC OF THE FIRST CHART-PEDDLER.

WESTVILLE, CONN., Sept. 7th, 1874.

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD:

RECENTLY while rummaging my Aunt Pena's garret, in which are stored many interesting relics of the "dead past," I came across a proof of the antiquity of chart-peddling. It is a rather neatly engraved chart, published and sold by Harvey Hatch, a deaf-mute. Aunt Pena says it was bought more than thirty years ago, and being a thrifty person, desirous of making the most of her purchases, she had had it neatly framed and hung in a prominent place in her sitting-room, where callers noted it, and studied the finger-alphabets there pictured. Thus many acquired a knowledge which I hope proved a source of pleasure and profit to not a few deaf-mutes. The march of modern improvement had transferred the chart to the garret where I found it.

It is much like modern charts of the same species—having both the single and double-handed alphabets, a picture of De l' Epee, Laura Bridgeman, and one of the New York Institution. Laura Bridgeman is represented as a young girl of ten or eleven years of age.

I noticed some variation from present usage in the making of the numericals. One was represented by holding up the thumb, instead of the fore-finger; two—the thumb and first fore-finger; four—the thumb and first three fingers. The cipher was given as one of the numericals, whereas it is now almost universally dropped in general usage.

The written description opened with the sentence: "Bless God for having put it into the mind of De l' Epee to invent the sign-language." The whole was surrounded by an elaborate border, with helmeted heads at the corners.

This is, undoubtedly, a copy of the first chart of the kind ever sold, and we can but regret that the example thus set has been followed so extensively and the country flooded with such outrageous caricatures which many now sell for a living.

Yours truly, H. J. B.

THE CARE OF THE CLERC MONUMENT.

NEW YORK, August 27th, 1874.

Messrs. Editors: I am informed that fears have been expressed that the Clerc Monument would be suffered to fall into neglect and dilapidation, as it is alleged has been the case with the Gallaudet Monument.

Every "Old Hartford" boy knows that the beautiful monument which reflects so much credit upon the artistic talent of Messrs. Newsam and Carlin, and whose very existence is so largely due to the unwearied enthusiasm and energy of the latter

gentleman, is too conspicuous an ornament to the Asylum grounds and is regarded with too much pride by all connected with that Institution, for it ever to be neglected. From a slight examination when I was last at Hartford a month ago, I can confirm what seems to be the opinion of THE SILENT WORLD, that the damage complained of is only such as was unavoidable in a structure composed of marble, partly in thin slabs, after exposure to twenty New England winters.

The Clerc Monument, although less elaborate and imposing, because less costly (making allowance for the difference in the value of currency in 1854, when labor was \$1.50 per day, and 1874, when it is \$2.50 and upwards), will be of more durable materials and simpler construction, and will, accordingly, be less liable to injury from the elements.

Any fears lest it be neglected, will be removed by reading the extract I enclose, from the minutes of the Directors of the Asylum. I omit the third resolution which tendered the hospitalities of the Asylum to visitors, in case the dedication should take place during the vacation—which is now, unfortunately, impossible. The hospitable intentions of the Directors, ably and cordially seconded by the Principal and other executive officers, none the less deserve acknowledgment.

Yours respectfully,

HENRY WINTER SYLE, Sec'y of the N. C. M. U.

AT a meeting of the Directors of the American Asylum at Hartford, for the education and instruction of the deaf and dumb, held at their office in the city of Hartford on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, A. D. 1874, at 7 o'clock p. m.,

The following communication was presented:

[Here follows copy of letter of Henry Winter Syle, Secretary of the N. C. M. U.]

Voted, That the Directors of the Asylum acknowledge with gratification the value of the proposed tribute to the virtues of our honored friend, the late Laurent Clerc; and appreciate the grateful enthusiasm which has prompted this effort to perpetuate the memory of his life and labors.

Voted, That permission to place the monument upon the Asylum grounds, substantially as proposed in the foregoing communication, is hereby granted; and this corporation will assume, with pleasure, the care of the monument when erected and completed.

J. C. PARSONS, Clerk.

A SEMI-MUTE gentleman, educated by the sign-method, recently had occasion to stop at a hotel in Northampton, Mass. He used his voice in all his communications, and, having occasion to make purchases in some of the stores, he was surprised and pleased to find that he did not have to tell every person he spoke to that he was deaf. They all seemed to know it. He could not think of a reason for this till he remembered that the Clarke Institution for deaf-mutes, in which all the pupils are taught to speak, is located in this place, and thought that all the citizens of the place must be pretty well-acquainted with the peculiar tones and manner of speaking of the deaf.

THE friends of Mr. Richard E. Bull, Supervisor of the boys in the New York Institution, will be glad to know that he reached his father-land in safety about the middle of July. A minor, but doubtless interesting piece of information, is that he was n't seasick the least bit during the voyage. He has been having a very good time, and likes Europe exceedingly. Our Hamburg advices would seem to make him due in New York about the last of this month.—*Journal, August 27.*

RELIGIOUS SIGNS.

THE Deaf-mute Society held a meeting yesterday afternoon at the hall, corner of West Lake and Wood Streets. The meeting, which was of a religious character, was attended by about fifty of that afflicted class.

The exercises were opened with a prayer by Mr. E. P. Holmes. The prayer was delivered entirely in the sign-language, and was readily understood by all the members present.

Mr. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution for deaf-mutes at Faribault, then delivered an interesting sermon, also in the language of the deaf and dumb. He took for his text the 8th verse of the 6th chapter of Micah—"He hath showed thee, O man! what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

He began by saying that in his travels through the country he had often been asked to relate something about the class for which he was working. He always replied that he found them much the same as other people, and that in common with other persons they were principally influenced by example. Teachers must govern by example. The memories of some people are honored and others despised. Why? Because of the example they set while living. The name of Lincoln would always be remembered by the American people for his many noble qualities. So also the memory of Florence Nightingale, who did such a noble work for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Crimean war. The story of Benedict Arnold furnished an instance of a bad example. The speaker (?) gave a number of anecdotes illustrating the spirit of self-control and self-sacrifice, and showing what should be imitated and what avoided. He concluded by giving a summary of the life and sufferings of the Saviour, as the best and most perfect example, and one which all should strive to imitate to the best of their ability. It was important that societies and organizations, as well as individuals, should try to give a good example, and the present society would influence the deaf-mutes of other places to form similar organizations.

Mr. Clark, formerly of the New York Institution for deaf-mutes, was next introduced, and made a short address.

He was followed by Robert M. Thomas, the Secretary of the society, who spoke (so to speak) on the material prosperity of man and the effects of a determined spirit. No man can become great who uses the expression, "I can't," or "I won't." When Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first deaf-mute school in this country, first met Mr. Clerc and asked him to come to America and begin teaching, the Frenchman asked if everybody spoke French in America. He was told that the language was entirely different, but instead of saying "I can't," he went to work while on shipboard, and by the time he reached Hartford, was able to speak and write English with comparative ease. If he had not shown this spirit, the deaf-mutes of America would to-day have probably been in the stupid and benighted condition from which they were now fast emerging. Washington, at Valley Forge, was another example of perseverance. It was necessary then for all the members of the society to say, "I will," and make a determined effort to improve themselves and build up a prosperous society.

Mr. E. P. Holmes and Mr. J. E. Townsend made a few remarks with their hands.

This ended the public exercises, and the meeting resolved itself into a social gathering, and spent about an hour in a pleasant and, to an outsider, an interesting social hand-manipulation.

Mr. J. E. Green has given the use of his hall for the society meetings, which will in future be held every week.—*Chicago Times*, August 31.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S ENEMY.

Or all enemies with which the rattlesnake has to contend, except man, the hog is the most destructive. An old sow with a litter of pigs to provide for, will hunt for reptiles with a perseverance and sagacity truly astonishing, tracking them by their scent to their hiding-places and never letting them escape.

In the West, in early times, and now throughout the country, if rattlesnakes become troublesome in any locality, a drove of hogs is turned into their haunts, and the snakes soon disappear. The hog, when it sees a rattlesnake, instantly erects its bristles and back, and commences rattling its tusks. The snake accepts the challenge, and prepares for defense.

The hog seems to understand what parts of its body are invulnerable to poison, so it gets down upon its knees, and, in this awkward position, deliberately crawls, by a sidelong motion, up to the enemy.

The snake darts forward and the hog dexterously catches the fangs in the fat of the jaws; the blow is repeated, and the hog having been smitten on one cheek, deliberately turns the other. This the animal continues to do until the snake has not only exhausted, for the time being, its poison, but also its strength.

The hog then deliberately rises from its knees, and now regardless of consequences, seizes the serpent near the head and, putting its forefoot upon its squirming body, strips the reptile through its teeth and thus tears it to pieces. If the hog, as is sometimes the case, happens to be very lean, and the poison fangs thereby strike circulation, it will die from the wound, but this conjunction rarely takes place.

CAN INSECTS TALK?

A STRIKING instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence, and that of a somewhat abstruse character, is furnished by experiments that have been made upon bees. Every one is aware that the queen bee is an object of the greatest solicitude and attention to the workers of the hive, and yet, among so many thousands, all busily employed in different and distant parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain, at least before the lapse of a considerable time, whether she was absent from among them or not. In order to see whether bees had a power of conveying news of this kind, the queen bee has been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here, as elsewhere, ill news was found to fly apace. For some half hour or so, the loss seemed not to be ascertained, but the progressively increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings, the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence. That in such cases as those above narrated, information, and that of rather a complex character, was transmitted by one insect to another, can not be doubted—but by what means? All that has been ascertained upon this point is, that the ants and the bees cross their antennæ in a peculiar manner with the antennæ of the others that they encounter, and this action being repeated again and again, seems to be a mode of communicating intelligence, common amongst the insect races.—*Rymer Jones' Natural History of Animals*.

"The silent majority" is Junius Henry Browne's expressive designation for the dead.

PERSONAL.

MR. T. L. BROWN, of the Michigan Institution, conducted religious services for the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association. The attendance was very large, numbers being present from many towns in the vicinity of Boston.

MR. D. S. ROGERS, of the Iowa Institution, writes us that he was greatly troubled with sore eyes until a few weeks ago. A lady whom he visited, gave him a mixture which cured them. For some months, he was obliged to refrain, as far as possible, from reading and writing. He spent the vacation visiting friends in Iowa.

MR. ZERAH C. WHIPPLE, the head of the Articulation school for deaf-mutes, at Mystic, Conn., was illegally imprisoned in the county jail, because he refused to pay his militia tax. He is a Quaker, and as such could not conscientiously pay the tax for war material; moreover, he had been declared exempt from military duty on account of sunstroke, and he had property that could have been seized to pay the tax. On this account, his imprisonment was an outrage, and caused much indignation among his neighbors and friends.

COLLEGE RECORD.

MANUAL LABOR.

THE notion that it is ignoble for a college graduate to labor with his hands is wide-spread, and prevalent among all classes of people. What is the use of a college education, if a man is going to be a shoemaker or a blacksmith? The notion is, perhaps, most deeply rooted among students themselves. Who ever heard of a man who had laid down, as his business in life, to be a carpenter, going to college as a part of his preparation for working at that trade?

But why not? To go to college with the avowed object of fitting one's self for some calling which requires brains rather than hands, is to make the college course a mere money-making speculation. Surely, the majority of those who enter college would resent it, if told as plainly as we have expressed it what was their object in seeking a college education. But "actions speak as plainly as words"; and these same young men, by the persistence which they show in rejecting all thought of manual labor, acknowledge that their real purpose is to make money.

And why not again. Yes, why not, indeed. There is nothing to be ashamed of in going to college so as to be able to make more money. It is rather praiseworthy, for the man who will be at so much trouble and expense to fit himself to make money, will be likely to do his work well for the same object. If a man has no higher object in life than money-getting, he yet deserves praise for endeavoring to prepare himself to the best of his ability to accomplish that object perfectly. Only, if your college course is to be a part of your stock in trade, be honest about it, and don't attempt to deceive yourself or others. Avow it frankly, and endeavor to use all proper means to attain your end. But do we not all love knowledge for its own sake, or want to, which amounts to the same thing, for, if we really want a thing, we are pretty sure to get it sooner or later.

A college education is far more than mere book-learning. If a young man should study faithfully all through his college course and forget everything he had learned the day after he graduated, his four years would be well spent. Who does not know and recognize the educating influence of travel? One of the advantages that a young man derives from going to college is very much like that which comes from travelling. The change of locality and the intercourse with so many young men from such widely separated sections of the country as are found in all colleges, can not but

educate a young man and enlarge and broaden his ideas. We do not say to a man, "you are a tailor, therefore never travel, it will do you no good." No more should we say to a young man, "you are going to be a tinsmith, therefore it will do you no good to go to college."

We can not help thinking that it would be a good thing if every young man would settle in his own mind some manual occupation that he would like to follow, and prepare himself for it as he had opportunity. Then, if he had the means, let him go to college, and study hard for four years, without giving a thought to what is to be his calling after graduation. Let him keep his trade in mind and keep up and add to, if he can, his knowledge of it. When he graduates, if he is fitted for brain work, it will be sure to offer itself sooner or later, and he can fall back on his trade and be independent of everything and everybody while waiting for it. And if brain work never offers, what matter? We are sure that when the time comes, he will think with us that he is a better and happier man for his college education, even though he is never anything more than a mere bricklayer.

PRESIDENT Gallaudet's family have been spending a short time at the Institution while their house was being repaired and painted.

STUDENTS will hardly recognize the inside of the College building, it has been so completely renovated.

WORK on the foundations of one of the new houses for the Professors has been begun.

PROFESSOR Chickering was recently tendered an office in connection with the publicschools of Washington, but was obliged to decline the honor, owing to his arrangements not admitting of his being in the city in time for the opening of the schools which has already taken place.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

ROME INSTITUTION FOR THE INSURCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE title is rather visionary, to be sure. But then it is well to learn to call things by their right names, even though we must stretch our belief and fall back upon anticipation. At this writing, the Institution is not a fixed fact, but we hope and believe that before this article goes to press, it will be.

The circumstances which have led to this effort to establish an institution in Central New York are few and simple. The knowledge that there were numbers of the deaf in the remoter parts of the State destitute of means of education, on account of distance, pecuniary inability, and, in not a few cases, owing to the ignorance of the proper guardians, was sufficient to cause those who take more than a passing interest in the welfare of our deaf-mute population, to take advantage of the first favorable opportunity to try and erect an institution near them.

Prominent instructors of the deaf had from time to time expressed the opinion that an institution was really needed somewhere between New York and Buffalo, and those who had access to the statistics received from time to time and through divers sources, had no doubt but that it was imperative. But the man who has taken the first practical steps toward accomplishing what everybody, almost, conceded to be a necessary object, is Mr. Alphonso Johnson. A resident of Northern New York, he has had visible evidence of the necessity of such an institution, and wherever he made inquiry, that need was constantly forced upon him. A month ago, being in a position to make a decided effort, he lost no time in beginning his work.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who needs no introduction to our readers as a zealous, faithful, and successful worker in the cause, kindly offered his services, and they have been most valuable.

Several cities were thought of previous to any actual attempt, but one by one were rejected on account of their unfavorable location. Syracuse, or some city near it, was, after deliberate consideration, judged to be the best place in which to start the school. But whatever might be the final selection, it was decided to keep on the line of the Central Railway. After interviews, personal and otherwise, with many prominent men, it was found that everything pointed in favor of Rome. To Rome accordingly, the gentlemen proceeded, and began their efforts on Tuesday, August 4th. They providentially succeeded in interesting several of the leading business men of the place, and a public meeting was advertised to be held at the Court House on Friday, the fourteenth. At the hour named (7½ o'clock P. M.), the hall was filled

with a respectable and appreciative audience. The Hon. Calvert Comstock was appointed Chairman of the meeting, and it was opened with prayer. After a few introductory remarks by the Chairman, Dr. Gallaudet delivered an address, chiefly explanatory of the rise, progress, and present condition of deaf-mute instruction in America. An interesting feature of his address was his illustration of the Lord's Prayer in signs. Then Mr. Johnson presented his address, delivering it in signs, Dr. Gallaudet reading from the manuscript. Next followed an address by our Associate, but it was not delivered by its author in signs, because, as he remarked in a preamble, it was not written as a pantomime exercise. Dr. Gallaudet read it from the manuscript. Gentlemen of the city then made brief remarks, and after the passage of resolutions appointing a Board of Trustees with full powers, the meeting adjourned.

A short session was held by the Board immediately afterwards and a much longer one the next day, but what transpired at both meetings we, of course, can not make public.

Suffice it to say that the work has been begun in real earnest, and the men who have charge of it, are men of experience in business details, of foresight, energy, and judicious benevolence. We hazard nothing when we say that it is our firm belief that the Institution will be opened in the fall with about twenty pupils, and once started, we shall watch its course with interest.

Mr. Johnson is an instructor of experience, and whatever he is called upon to do, will not be new to him; he has been over the whole ground before, and every landmark is familiar. There are none who know him, that will not yield his claim to being an excellent instructor of deaf-mute youth.

If our readers happen to know of any uneducated deaf-mutes in their vicinity, they will confer a favor, and greatly aid their cause, by sending to the editor of this paper the name or names and residence of all such. We will forward them to Mr. Johnson and, if near enough, he will take immediate steps to have them placed under instruction.

We will have more to say of this institution from time to time, as successive changes of interest are developed.—*Journal, August 2.*

IOWA.

LAST Spring the Clerc Society unanimously voted to give an exhibition of tableaux and pantomimes in Council Bluffs before the close of school, for the purpose of raising money for the Clerc fund, and to purchase books for our library.

A committee of five were appointed to make arrangements, and they made a fine selection of tableaux and pantomimes. The exhibition was itself a perfect success, but, peculiarly, it was a failure. The audience was a small one, owing to the unpropitiousness of the weather on the night of the exhibition. The money raised did not cover the expenses, and we became several dollars in debt.

Our last legislature made an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars for this Institution, to erect a cottage for the teachers, and shops, and for purchasing hose &c. The cottage which is almost finished, is of brick, and contains six rooms. As we expect the Institution will be crowded to its utmost capacity the coming session, the bachelor teachers will sleep in the upper rooms of the cottage.

We were disappointed in not getting an appropriation for the building of the western wing of the Institution, but will certainly get it at the next session of the legislature.

Judge Baldwin, one of our Directors, has been appointed one of the commissioners for the distribution of the Geneva award, and will start for Washington city the 20th of this month.

Mr. John Gillespie, one of our speaking teachers, was married to a lady of Missouri last July.

The school commences the 10th inst.

September, 1874.

D. S. R.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

WITHIN the past two years over \$200,000 worth of sheep have been destroyed by Kentucky dogs.

It is estimated that three million dollars' worth of grain has been destroyed by locusts in Southwestern Minnesota.

The capital of the German empire—Berlin—ranks now as the third city in Europe in point of population, and the first as regards rapidity of growth.

One of the Swiss Cantons, it is said, compels every newly married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child.

A number of ex-Confederate soldiers in South Carolina recently exhumed the bones of two Union soldiers, buried in neglected graves on the roadside, inclosed them in coffins, and forwarded them to their friends in Ohio.

The London Times has established a telegraph line for itself from Paris to its own office in London, and publishes its correspondent's letters, sometimes several columns in length, as received by telegraph.

A mirage occurred near Buckland, Virginia, recently, by which the whole city of Washington, forty miles distant, with the Potomac flowing by it, became visible in the clouds. The scene lasted but a few moments.

It is related of Sir James Simpson, the celebrated English physician, that the Duchess of Buccleugh drove up to his door and sent her footman to tell him that she waited without. "Tell the Duchess," he replied, "that Dr. Simpson is engaged with a washerwoman."

There is a pond on Cape Cod which produces pink pond lilies, and it is the only place in the country where such a flower grows. The color is probably caused by some peculiarity of the water or soil, as, when the roots are transplanted to other ponds, white lilies are always produced.

"It is a beautiful sight," says *The Arizona Miner*, "to attend an Arizona wedding. The bride in white, the happy groom, the solemn minister, the smiling parents, and from twenty-five to forty shot guns standing against the wall ready for use, make up a panorama not soon forgotten."

It took just four years and ten months for a check mailed in North Adams, Mass., in October, 1869, to reach its destination in Albany, New York. It was delivered by a letter carrier at the latter place last week, and the postmarks upon the envelope containing it, prove that it was duly sent from the North Adams Post-office.

The little island of Jersey, in the English Channel, sent to the London markets in two months this spring, \$1,000,000 worth of new potatoes. The season's crop of this vegetable gives for the total area of the island \$35 an acre. It is believed that an equal success could be had in the Southern counties of Ireland, if there were energy and enterprise to try it.

Baron Anselm de Rothschild, who died recently at his country seat of Dobling, near Vienna, was a man of extreme simplicity of character, in spite of his immense wealth. By his express desire, recorded in his will, his funeral was celebrated without any pomp. A hearse drawn by two horses, followed only by a few servants, conveyed the body to the railroad station, whence it was taken to the domain in which the family vault is situated. The fortune of the Baron is estimated at more than a thousand millions of francs.

One night recently, Mr. Gibson Taylor, of Davies County, Ky., was called out of bed by seven or eight men, who demanded bacon of him, saying they would not steal, and had no employment, money, food for their families, or credit, and were almost starving. After a peremptory demand for meat, Mr. Taylor gave up the keys of the meat house. The parties took but a small quantity, declaring they only wanted enough to drive starvation from their doors, and again locked the house, and left the premises.

A North Carolina belle, according to a local journal, recently started for a horseback ride near Morganton, in that State. She was riding rapidly with a gentleman down a long slope, when the gentleman's horse stumbled and fell. The lady's horse cleared both him and rider at one leap, and then became quite unmanageable. Two hundred yards further on, a narrow lane was blockaded by a negro, mule, and cart, square across it. Her horse was careering at full speed. To pass round was impossible, to stop equally so; but the agile animal, at one fearful bound, cleared negro, mule, and cart. The charming equestrienne never for a moment lost her balance, and was laughing gayly when her horse was checked two miles further on.

Probably one of the most remarkable series of coincidences recorded, is shown by the statistics of Iowa and Georgia in the matters of insanity, blindness, etc. The populations are given as, Georgia, 1,185,000; Iowa, 1,182,938 (the national census made them 1,191,792 and 1,184,109, respectively); and the following were the showing of the two States as to their unfortunate classes:

	Georgia.	Iowa.
Insane.....	1,187	1,183
Idiotic.....	790	789
Deaf and dumb.....	677	676
Blind.....	474	473

Truly, the force of coincidence could go no further